



THE POETRY OF SOUND.

Mr. H.: CAN YOU PLAY ANY TUNES YET ON YOUR NEW PIANO, BESSIE?

Bessie: OH, YES; I HAVE JUST LEARNED "GAILY THE CUSPADOK."



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

JUNE brings the summer—not merely in the calendars, but really and truly in the weather office and the hat stores. Now the straw hats which have been sneaking into circulation may vaunt themselves securely on the heads of their wearers, and now any stray cold wave which lowers the temperature enough to make their raiment insufficient for the human frame may expect to be met with objurgation and righteous complaint. Whit-Sunday has passed, and the German picnic season has set in.

Whoever failed (as we suppose some hundreds of thousands of our fellow-citizens in Gotham did fail) to get out into the country on Decoration Day, and fill his lungs with brand-new air, let slip a chance that should not have been neglected. Americans cannot learn too soon, from their German foster-brothers, to make the most of their holidays, and recruit themselves, whenever they get a chance, with country air and rural scenes. Even a German's allowance of beer will hardly hurt them if they spend the day out of doors.

* * *

CARRY the news to Mr. Dorscheimer that a kit of burglar's tools was found in a Buffalo lumber-yard last week, wrapped up in a copy of the *New York World*! The proprietor had hidden them, while he went out on other business. No doubt the tools are Mr. Pulitzer's. The *World* is his paper, and the clue could hardly have been more convincing, unless the tools had been found in a copy of his shirt, marked with his name. The editor of the *World* was believed to be in Europe. Now, what is his errand in Buffalo with those tools? Having a successful daily journal on his hands, with all its legitimate means of blackmail, he doesn't need to steal. He cannot be bent on vulgar robbery. No; he must be looking up Mr. Dorscheimer's record, and he must have provided the kit of tools so as to get at it informally if necessary.

It is not possible that the *Star's* editor has suspected something of this nature, and that that is why he no longer cares to prosecute his enquiries into the *World* editor's war record.

THE college oarsmen begin to get some attention. Harvard has four shells, two of them brand-new, and one of the two a fresh importation from England, but the aquatic bears deny that the "beef" which she intends to put into them is good beef. Harvard's stock is low, and so is Columbia's, and Yale men say that they have to give long odds in the wagers they make these days. If Harvard is to row the Englishmen she *must* win at New London, and it is the plain duty of Yale and Columbia to see that she does, even though they have to paint themselves red and do it for her.

* * *

THE President takes an early outing this year, but he seems to be taking it with energy and benefit. There are no more stories latterly about his waning health. Every prospect pleases, as far as Mr. Cleveland is concerned.

* * *

FOR the sake of those who cannot go far, and for the every-day use of all of us, let us encourage the authorities of Central Park to keep that resort as green and fresh as is possible. Thank you, Mr. Mayor, for your protest against the proposed assignment of the Park to the excellent New York Militia. The resentment which the proposition has called forth, and your indignant letter to the Governor, will doubtless protect our cockney playground.

* * *

AND isn't it queer and solemn, by the way, how this oppressed city of New York has not the privilege of self-government, but must be forever trotting up to Albany on the legs of its emissaries to ask the Governor or the legislature to let us enjoy our own after our own devices. Gotham, situated as it is between its board of aldermen and the legislature, is constantly in a frame of mind to be envious of that mythical personage who got between the devil and the deep sea. It is something, though, to have a mayor. More power to your elbow, Mr. Hewitt!

* * *

LIFE congratulates the able co-editor of the *Critic* on still having a serviceable neck.

* * *

BOULANGER being under a temporary cloud, the biggest men in Europe to-day are Bismarck and Buffalo Bill. The imagination cannot compute what our William's requirements will be when he gets back home, but it might be worth while to offer him the mission to the Court of St. James. The Queen admires him, all polite England is daft about him, he is solid with the masses, and at the same time he is an authentic American and very popular at home. If any other candidate for the shoes of Mr. Phelps can show half as many strong points as William let his friends produce him.



TO AURORA

(BOREALIS).

WITH the lazy grace of an indolent queen
She curls her lip and she cocks her chin,
While the haughty droop of her mouth must mean
The reign of a scornful spirit within.

And she is so cold—so bitterly cold,
That I button my overcoat up to my chin,
And I shiver whenever I make so bold
As to take her hand, for my blood is thin.

B.

DISPOSITION OF THE SURPLUS.

OLD GENTLEMAN
(at a sewing class):
I suppose, Miss Arabella,
that you young ladies are
not interested in the ques-
tion "What shall be done
with the surplus?"

MISS ARABELLA: Oh, yes,
we are indeed. We intend
to surprise Rev. Mr. White-
choker with one, and it is
going to be lovely.

* * *

KNOWING LITTLE BOY.

TEACHER: Johnnie,
What is the meaning
of capital punishment?

JOHNNIE: Mamma says
it's Washington etiquette.

LITERARY NOTES.

W. H. DOANE, of Cincinnati, makes \$20,000 a year writing hymns. Rider Haggard and his parodists don't make this much in a lifetime by writing Hes, Shes and Its. This shows that it pays to be religious.

OWING to an annoying typographical error a sermon of Dr. Talmage's crept into a volume of sermons by Canon Fleming.

The learned divine has apologized profusely for his inadvertance in not recalling the volume, and Dr. Talmage has graciously concluded not to spike the Canon for this, his first offense.

PRINCE BATTENBERG is engaged in writing a volume, "Two Years a Son-in-Law to a Queen, or How to Live on £10 per Annum."

MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL has written an exhaustive paper for a New York daily paper, on "Did Shakespeare write 'The Buntling Ball' and 'The Bread Winners?'"

JUDGE TOURGEE is about to publish a new novel. The title, we hear, is to be similar to "Hot Ploughshares," referring, no doubt, to some other warm shares lately owned by the Judge in a publishing enterprise.

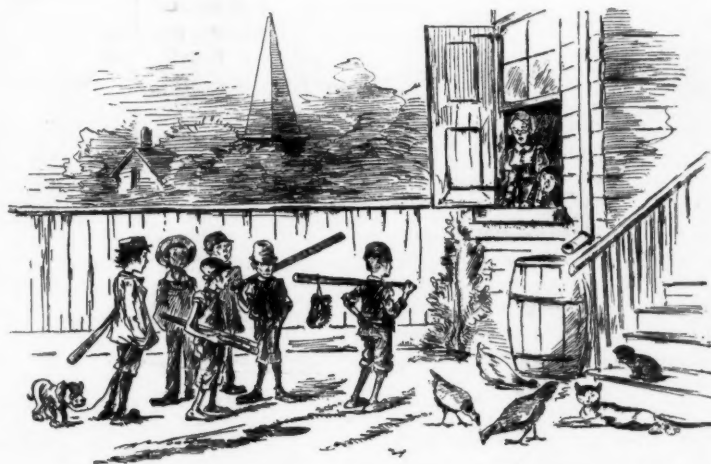
THE Prince of Wales has escaped the Scylla of the Queen's birthday only to fall, it is feared, into the Charybdis of her Jubilee.

STATISTICS.

THE average baseball player gets \$2,000. The average minister \$500. The average baseball audience is 2,000. The average congregation, 500.

IF the excise law remains as it is the French crown jewels will eventually be found in Hoboken.

"TRUTH is mighty and will prevail," was not written in this city. When modified to fit New York society it reads: "Truth is feeble and will continue, as heretofore, to occupy a back seat."



PLEASE MUM, WILL YOU LET JIMMY COME WITH US TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL?



TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

*"WHO loves not more the night of June
Than cold December's gloomy noon?"*

Well, he who hath but flannels thick,
With ne'er a chance to live on tick;
The man who owns toboggan chutes;
The vender of the rubber boots;
The mortal who by selling skates
His lack of lucre mitigates—

All find your sentiment at fault,

Sir Walt,

And dub it rot,

Great Scott!

IT is very evident from Dr. McGlynn's behavior, that as between the two archies, anarchy and hierarchy, the eminent divine does not prefer the hier.

MEN invariably decry the horse-cars for their lack of speed, until it becomes necessary to run for one. It is astonishing how small things change one's opinions

APHILADELPHIA man shot a woman "just in fun!"

Ha, ha! pretty good joke that was. Now, let us get up some joke on the assassin. What a witty thing it would be to hang him!

TO youths about to embark on a literary career we commend Davy Crockett's motto: "First be sure you write, then go ahead."

NO, Gladys "ostracism" does not come from ostrich and schism, but when the English nobility ostracize a man like Mr. Gladstone in the hope of defeating the ends of justice, one party to the schism is not unlike the ostrich.

Apropos of this, the Church should change their prayer to be delivered from heresy and schism, to one against hearsay and ostracism, as a measure against scandal and its effects.

THE spirits of a telephone operator are generally down to hello level.

"I BELIEVE absence is a great element of charm," said Beaconsfield, and the small boy who is allowed to stay away from school is inclined to agree with him.

A RECENT paragraph of ours calling attention to the fact that man is ninety per cent. water, leads a prohibitionist to remark that this won't put out the fire for us some centuries hence.

We are obliged to the temperate gentleman for the information, and beg to assure him that he need not worry about us, as we are laying in a good supply of firewater for future use.

KEELY, the motor man, seems to have really discovered a perpetual-motion engine. The engine he has been at work on is always going—to go very soon!

THERE is one thing about impracticable men that we honor. They never indulge in practical jokes.

THE Act that the theatrical people don't care much for is the Interstate Commerce Act.



A CONSISTENT CONVERT.

First Uncommercial Traveler: FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Second ditto: OH, I'VE BEEN CONVERTED.

F. U. T.: CONVERTED TO WHAT?

S. ditto: WHY TO THE HENRY GEORGE THEORY OF THE NON-PRIVATE OWNERSHIP OF LAND, AND I'M GETTING RID OF ALL I OWN.

GILBERT, the English librettist, has not seen one of his plays acted for fourteen years, owing to excessive nervousness.—*Exchange.*

Shakespeare, the English playist, never saw one of his plays acted for fourteen years either. It was no due to nervousness, but because no one of his plays was ever acted for fourteen years.

"I HEAR there's a fast set living down here," said the Chief of Police as he knocked at the door of Sheol.

"You're entirely mistaken," replied His Satanic Majesty, as his nose turned blue in the cold draft, "we're all total abstainers; not even a drop of water passes through this door."

"Well, you mustn't make so much noise," said the Chief as he turned away; "we're bad enough in New York with one prohibition day in the week; but if there are seven of them here it must be a very devil of a place."



AN UNSEEMLY HOUR.

Young Sampson, who thinks he can play the cornet, is serenading his girl when the old gentleman interrupts him with: "HERE, YOU! WE DON'T WANT ANY FISH AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT!"

AT THE GATES.

ST. PETER was dozing, his keys hanging idly at his side. He had had so little to do of late that he was actually getting lazy, and it was with many expressions of disgust that he rose to answer a timid knock at the gates.

"Whose there?" he asked as he fumbled over his keys in an endeavor to find the right key.

"It is I—Mabel Sweet," came the reply. I want to come in."

St. Peter chuckled softly.

"Of course you do," he said. "So does every one; but they don't all get in, nevertheless."

He swung the gates open, and took his station in the middle of the open space, thus effectually barring all passage.

"Give an account of yourself," he commanded. "What have you been doing upon earth?"

"Please St. Peter," she responded timidly, "I haven't been very good."

"I suppose not," he said tersely. "But tell me what you have done."

"One day I eloped with a Chicago drummer."

"Did, eh?" queried St. Peter with a pitying glance. "That's bad—very bad; but I don't know but that it carried its punishment with it."

"Oh, it did!" she exclaimed with emotion.

"Well then, what next?"

"I was very thoughtless, St. Peter," she exclaimed apologetically—very thoughtless indeed. Why, do you know, I carelessly split his head open with an axe when I got tired of him."

"That *was* thoughtless," commented the saint. "I really don't see how I can let you in."

"Please St. Peter, don't be hard on me," she pleaded. "It was all because of my thoughtless nature. Why, in the same way, I dropped my two children out of the sixth story window when they woke me up with their crying."

"Dear me, I wish you had been a little more thoughtful," he muttered.

"So do I," she replied. "And, oh! I almost forgot. On another occasion I neglected to return a few thousands of dollars that my sister entrusted to me."

"H'm! A bad case—a bad case!" mused the guardian of the gates. There is really no chance of your getting in. I suppose you wore those décolletés costumes, too."

"Oh, yes."

"Dear me! It is very sad. I would like to let you in, but I can't. I—oh, stop! Perhaps, you had some one great virtue that would counteract all the evils."

"I don't know, I'm sure," she pondered, "I can't think of anything, except—except I always took off my hat at the theatre."

An expression of ecstatic rapture passed over St. Peter's face.

"Come in," he said, bowing low. "Gabriel, give the lady a front seat, and order her a harp of solid gold studded with diamonds."

Elliott Flower.

BOOKISHNESS

SOME TRUTHS ABOUT CRITICISM.

IN the Editor's Study, of *Harper's Magazine* for June, Mr. Howells has discoursed on Critics and Criticism in a most thoughtful and discriminating essay—full of a quiet satire which is none the less effective because it is good-humored. He finds that the office of the critic is "Mainly to ascertain facts and traits of literature, not to invent or denounce them; to discover principles not to establish them; to report, not to create." In conclusion he goes a little farther than this guarded statement of the critic's office and concedes that "Perhaps criticism has a cumulative and final effect; perhaps it does some good we do not know of. It apparently does not affect the author directly, but it may reach him through the reader. It may in some cases enlarge or diminish his audience for a while, until he has thoroughly measured and tested his own powers. We doubt if it can do more than that."

These sentiments are in thorough accord with those expressed in *LIFE*, on January 13th:—"The critic's main duty is to the reading public, and not to the writers. When he has inspired the readers with some degree of faith in his opinions, then he begins to wield an influence of considerable importance on the literature of the day. The appetite of the reading public which he influences controls the character of the supply."

ONE of the best strokes in this essay, and one in which the satire is most deserved, is Mr. Howells's characterization of women-critics: "They bring a lively stock of misapprehensions and prejudices to their work; they would rather have heard about than known about a book; and they take kindly to the public wish to be amused rather than edified."

This applies equally well to the fast increasing tribe of women correspondents who fill the press of the smaller cities (and even some that aspire to greatness), with the most absurd "Literary and Social Gossip," in which "Literature" is generally taken to mean the pot-boiling product of a semi-Bohemian circle and "Society" the occasional log-rolling "Soirées" of these same hack-writers.

It can be put down to the credit of New York that Boston far surpasses it in this kind of writing. What a terrible eyepener it would be to many of the fine, intelligent men and women of what these correspondents call "The Provinces," if they should attend one of the "social gatherings" of these alleged "distinguished people" whom they have been reading about in the wonderful letters of "Our Boston Correspondent!" Oh, that Thackeray might arouse from his long sleep for one short hour to tear away this sham from all that is sincere and genuine in American letters!

THE drive which Mr. Howells makes at the brutality of British criticism—as "personal, arrogant, egotistical"—is another of the telling hits of this essay. It would seem

that the English critic assumes something of the same attitude toward a book that he preserves toward his wife if he wishes to retain her love. Apropos of this, it will be recalled that Charles Reade was once asked what sort of a man a woman liked best, and replied: "A woman likes best a ruffian who ill-uses her, but with intervals of tenderness."

American women will resent this generalization by the acute English novelist; and American critics will, we believe, heed the entreaty of Mr. Howells and "Be warned by the examples which they have hitherto sought to imitate."

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

HALLO, MY FANCY! By Charles Henry Lüder and S. D. S., Jr. Philadelphia: David McKay.

Was Shakespeare Shapleigh? A Correspondence in Two Entanglements. Edited by Justin Winsor. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Life of Henry Clay. American Statesmen Series. By Carl Schurz. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In Ole Virginia. Marse Chan and Other Stories. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Rendé. (La Curée). By Emile Zola. Translated by John Stirling. Philadelphia: T. B. Petersen & Brothers.

Obiter Dicta. Second Series. By Augustin Birrell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Story of a New York House. By H. C. Bunner. Illustrated by A. B. Frost. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Art of Angling. How and When to Catch Fish. By Wakeman Holberton. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

The Alkahest; or, The Home of Clás. By Honoré de Balzac. The Comedy of Human Life Philosophical Studies. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Renaissance in Italy. The Catholic Reaction. 2 vols. By J. A. Symonds. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Danielle Cortis. By Antonio Fogazzaro. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Yesterdays with Actors. By Catherine Mary Reynolds-Winslow. Boston: Cupples & Co.

Around the World on a Bicycle. Vol. I. By Thomas Stevens. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



Struggling Artist (to patron to whom he owes a small advance):
CONGRATULATE ME, MY DEAR SIR. SUCCESS HAS COME AT LAST.
Patron: BEEN ADMITTED TO THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN?
Struggling Artist: ACADEMY OF DESIGN! NO. I'VE JUST RECEIVED AN ORDER FOR AN 1888 BREWER'S CALENDAR.

NEW GEOLOGY.

AN UPHEAVAL.

'T WAS out behind old Granther's barn,
One bright half-holiday,
I sat upon an old nail keg
And puffed my fears away;
And as the blinding smoke arose
It looked so quaint, bizarre :—
I breathed a sigh, a fond, proud sigh—
It was my first cigar.

I tried to knock the ashes off
And blow those pretty rings,
But somehow didn't have great sport,
Nor like the feel of things :
The trees began to rock and reel,
My joy sank under par ;
I threw it from me—spare the tale—
It was my first cigar.

I leaned my elbows on my knees,
And looked down on the ground ;
My sighs were now not fond nor proud,
And things kept sailing round.
Uncanny shapes possessed the earth,
And grinning sprites the air—
Alas ! the smoky tears proclaimed
It was my first cigar.

* * * * *
I've oft since then seen hopes decay,
Lost many a fond gazelle,
Had sweethearts skip with other men
And speculations fail ;
But I've never known a sorrow
That could with that compare,
When out behind old Granther's barn
I smoked my first cigar. Cos.

THE Hon. Mike Kelly is playing such poor ball that the naughts in the \$10,000 paid for him remind us strongly of goose-eggs.

THE proper way to keep a diary is to keep it under lock and key. That is, if it is a truthful diary.

THE CAUSE OF A RECENT FLOOD.



"You go on sketching, Charlie; I'm going to take a bath."



"Ah, Charlie, you ought to have some of this!"

YET AGAIN.

MANY tales exist illustrating the imperviousness of the average British intellect to an unexplained joke, but the following is such a touching example that we cannot refrain from reprinting it. It is from the columns of the *Montreal Star* :

THE SENIOR WRANGLER.

The following paragraph recently appeared in a clever and cleverly illustrated New York weekly paper, entitled LIFE : "We have been frequently puzzled as to the exact signification of the Oxford and Cambridge honor, known as the 'Senior Wranglership.' Close attention to Parliamentary debate has in a degree solved the mystery." Here is an example of a man voluntarily writing about something of which he knows little or nothing. It would hardly be worth while to point out the mistake made by a New Yorker about an English matter, were it not that, even in Canada, similar mistakes are frequently made with similar unconsciousness that they are mistakes. This blunder about *wranglers* is not uncommon in this country, and I have often

heard educated people, or rather people who were supposed to be educated, speak of Oxford College and Cambridge College.

If the writer in LIFE had consulted his own American dictionaries he would not have gone wrong. Webster says : "The Senior Wrangler (Cambridge University, England) is the student who passes the best examination in mathematics in the senate-house. Then follow the second, third, etc., *wranglers*." Worcester defines the Senior Wrangler as "one who at Cambridge University, England, attains the highest honors in the public mathematical examinations for the degree of B.A." Brande, an English writer, explains the system more in detail : "At the close of the last day of mathematical examination at Cambridge, those who have most distinguished themselves (to the number of thirty at least) are arranged in order of merit by the examiners, and divided into three classes—*wranglers*, senior optimes and junior optimes. The first, or Senior Wrangler, is the most distinguished mathematician of his year. The name is probably derived from the public disputations in which candidates for degrees were formerly required to display their powers; of which the 'exercises' still held at Cambridge retain the forms." As an Oxford man myself, I can assure the writer in LIFE that the term "Wrangler" is confined to the University of Cambridge.



PREPARING FOR THE SWEET SIMI

Fashion



SWEEPSTAKES SIMPLICITY OF RURAL LIFE.

HER WEDDING.

I KISSED the bride ; while other men
 Uncertain stood as if in doubt
 Whether my act to imitate or — go without.
 As playmate, friend and lover, I
 Had worshipped at her shrine, and now
 I stood a witness of her pledge and marriage vow.
 Others had loved her too ; not I
 Alone had found her fair ; but she
 Could love and wed but one—and so you see—
 The rivals heard the dainty lips
 We longed to press, with solemn voice,
 Pronounce the name of him who was her sweetheart's
 choice.
 I kissed the bride ; a happy man
 And proud : the proudest in that room,
 I ween, and that with reason. Was I not the
 groom ?

E. P. R.

THE LEGEND OF THE GAS.

AND in the fourth reign of the satrap war there much peace and prosperity throughout the city, and the merchants flourished and the caravans brought goodly goods from the far east.

But as the city prospered, and the city fathers chuckled within themselves, even so did disaster fall upon the city.

The gas company got funny.

Now be it known to all that ere until this had the gas been of good quality, and burned in the houses of the towns-people thus :



Yea, and the price thereof was but two pieces of gold per M. And the young men, and the old men, and the middle-aged men, and the women, even so were they satisfied.

But, behold, did the gas company reason within themselves that their shekels could be increased by a new plan.

And therewith they erected a water-gas plant, and with mercenary intent mingled they it with their former good gas. And then was the illumination of the city carried on thus :



Now Abou Ben Levi was a tradesman of the city. And when he did discover the poor quality of the gas, even so did he tear his beard and swear by the Prophet, for he was a righteous man.

For he wist not by this light whether he sold a corn-colored silk or a web of cotton cloth.

And he called his brother tradesmen unto him, and they debated long on the subject. Finally they sent in a petition.

And the gas company were much wroth. Even so did they see their dividends about to dwindle.

And the superintendent called his men about him and told he them to go to the uttermost parts of the city and gather up all the old iron, and the pots of lead, and the heavy rocks.

And, lo, in a few days had they brought together more junk than had ever been seen by the oldest inhabitant.

And the superintendent ordered them to pile it upon the reservoir of the gas. Even so gleefully complied they, and worked they thus seven days.

And at the end of that time did the superintendent smile blandly, and hie himself to the store of Abou Ben Levi.

And he found Abou much pleased, for the light was much improved. Even so expressed the other tradesmen. But they wist not of what they spake.

And the superintendent winked unto himself and returned to the gas-house.

But now were strange noises heard in the cellars of the citizens, and Abou Ben Levi was much alarmed. And he betook himself one night to his own cellar, and even there did he find the noise, as of perpetual motion.

And he investigated, and surely did he find his meter become a motor, for the hands revolved with amazing quickness around the dial.

And he was much alarmed. But he told his thoughts to no one, and continued he about his business.

And at the end of the month did he go up to the house of the gas-company, not with his accustomed ease, but with fear and trembling. And falteringly did he ask of the treasurer for his bill for the preceding month.

And the treasurer busied himself for a long time, as if adding countless figures. Then did he hand the manuscript to the impatient Abou.

And lo, Abou Ben Levi fell, and delivered up the ghost.

He had used fifty million feet of gas at \$2 a thousand.

Elmer C. Rice.

THEY say, though we can't vouch for the truth of it, that the Pope has read the story of Mahomet and the Mountain, and is looking around for a club preparatory to a voyage to New York.

Father McGlynn will not serenade His Holiness when he comes. No, indeed! The reverend father's brass band is in training to make it cordial for the next man-who-blew-up-the-Czar when *he* comes to this country.



First Lady (who is constantly snubbed by No. 2): ARE YOU READING ABOUT THAT WOMAN WHO WAS THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD?

No. 2. (coldly): I AM.

No. 1.: DOESN'T IT FEEL HORRIDLY TO SHRINK UP IN THAT WAY?

A CONSPIRACY.



"Hey, Chimmie, you holler yer papers an' run inter him w'ile I roll de bar'l up."



"Yere's yer evenin' papers! Full account of der ——"



"Och, Gott in Himmel! I bet you I fall on somethings soft, aint it?"

PECULIAR.

A LADY named Agatha Cholmondley, Received all her compliments glomondley, But smiled with delight When they called her a fright, And aimed to be called very holmondley.

THE NIHILISTS are still profoundly exercised about the Czar's health, and insist that he needs a *change of air*.

WHEN FAITHFUL FRIENDS FALL OUT.

S LIMKINS: I notice that your friend Brown seems to keep away lately. Had a row?

SIMPKINS: No; he got me to endorse his note a few days ago.

A PROGRESSIVE YOUTH.

MRS. TWILLINGHAM (*speaking of her son*): Augustus doesn't seem to be as progressive and go-aheaditive as he ought, my dear.

MR. TWILLINGHAM (*sarcastically*): I don't know about that. He wears the largest trousers and carries the biggest cane of any young man in Upper New York.

THERE is one thing about impracticable men that we honor. They never indulge in practical jokes.



PARDONABLE TERROR.

Careful Papa: WHAT PAPER IS ETHEL READING, MY DEAR?

Careful Mamma: IT'S ONLY THE *Police Horrors*. THE COACHMAN LEFT IT IN THE KITCHEN THIS MORNING.

Careful Papa: OH, ALL RIGHT; I WAS AFRAID IT WAS THE *Sun*.



ALAS!

Harry has been teaching the farmer's daughter how to play tennis.

She (after half an hour's instruction): AND love DON'T MEAN NOTHIN'; HOW FUNNY!

JAKE SHARP strongly disapproves of the poetic fantasy about leaving "foot-prints on the sands of time." He says that the foot-prints and the surface-tracks caused all his trouble.

A FABLE FOR ECONOMISTS.

AN ant, which was painfully toiling across the road with a grain of corn, observed a mouse scamper out of a hole under the door of the grain elevator near by.

"At your old tricks, I suppose," said the ant scornfully, "why don't you work for your living as I do, instead of stealing what you eat."

"Poor drudge," said the mouse in pitying tone, "you are only fit for a life of labor. You have not the far-seeing genius that grasps great combinations and ensures enormous profits. But know this—that myself and two or three other mice have formed a syndicate and bored a hole through the bottom of the grain bin. We have established a corner in corn, and are making more in a day than you can in your natural life. Do not complain of this, for it is perfectly legal—the corn, following the laws of gravitation, must fall into our pockets."

The mouse stalked away with the air of one owning the earth, and the poor ant wondered why the laws of gravitation were so arranged that *he* never could find an easy way of making his living.

This is respectfully dedicated to the sages who are wrestling with the labor problem.

G. E. Hanson.

MAKES THEM FAT.

NEW YORKER (*to Jerseyman*): Has tobacco smoke any effect upon your local mosquitos?

JERSEYMAN (*with pardonable pride*): No deleterious effect. I've known Rahway 'skeeters to smoke two packages of cigarettes a day an' grow fat on 'em.

A GOOD HOTEL.

QUEEN KAPIOLANI has been informed that she will be royally received and entertained at Buckingham Palace at the moderate charge of nine dollars a day. Her Hawaiian Majesty is assured that the Palace has been thoroughly repaired, renovated and repainted. Boarders entertained at summer prices and satisfaction guaranteed. Money refunded to guests who are not pleased.

THERE may be room at the top, but this is not the view taken by the small boy who climbs to the highest limb of a cherry tree and accidentally kicks the gable-end off a densely populated hornets'-nest.

AS clothes to a large extent make the man, the term "lineage" is to be enlarged and renovated.

A man's clothes-lineage is now the all important question in "Sassiety."

THE TURFITES FAVORITE GOD—Bacchus.



THE HEIGHT OF FASHION.



TRUE TO NATURE.

"SPEAKING about the artist who painted fruit so naturally that the birds came and pecked at it," said the fat reporter, "I drew a hen that was so true to life that after the sage threw it into the wastebasket it laid there."—*Peabody Reporter*.

GUARDING AGAINST FUTURE MISTAKES.

BOSTON YOUNG LADY: I want to look at a pair of eyeglasses, sir, of extra magnifying power.

DEALER: Yes, ma'am; something very strong?

BOSTON YOUNG LADY: Yes, sir. While visiting in the country, last summer, I made a very painful blunder which I never want to repeat.

DEALER: May I ask what that—er—blunder was?

BOSTON YOUNG LADY: Oh, yes. I mistook a bumble bee for a blackberry.—*Sun*.

ON the Lansing train the other day an old man shoved up a window as the locomotive whistled for a crossing, and stuck half his body out to see what the row was about. The brakeman happened to pass through the car, and seeing the situation, he said:

"Better take your head in, sir."

"Why?"

"Because you might strike a post or switch."

"Y-es, that's so," muttered the man, as he pulled himself in and sat down, "and the railroad would hop onto me for damages. It's better to be on the safe side."—*Detroit Free Press*.

ARITHMETIC WITH MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MACON boasts of one of the most erudite professors of mathematics to be found in the United States. He published a series of arithmetics that has been adopted in many schools throughout the length and breadth of the land. Recently a teacher in the backwoods wrote to the professor:

DEAR SIR: Will you please send me the price of a key to your Third Grade Arithmetic. I have been using it in my school and I like it, but I want a key. Respectfully,

BIRCHROD WISEACRE.

The professor received the epistle and wrote on a postal card: BIRCHROD WISEACRE: Sir—It has no key. It is a stem-winder.—*The Atlanta Constitution*.

"So your father was in the war?" said he.

"Yes, he was killed at the battle of Bull Run," she replied.

"Where—er—was he shot?"

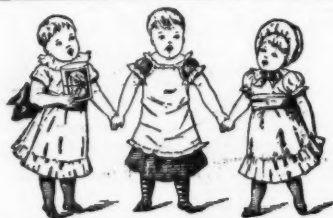
"He wasn't shot at all. He broke his neck running down the hill. War is an awful cruel thing, don't you think so?"—*New York Mail*.

HE KNEW A GOOD THING.

While Jay Gould was traveling on the Wabash system he stopped over for dinner at a little town in southern Illinois. The party ate some eggs, among other things, and when the bill was presented to Gould it contained the item, "One dozen eggs, \$1.80." The great railroad magnate remarked that eggs must be at a premium in that section, to which the restaurant-keeper replied, "No, sir; eggs are plenty enough; but Jay Goulds are mighty scarce."—*Buffalo Courier*.

WIDE AWAKE.

LITTLE Willie, when he first saw his new baby cousin, gazed on the tiny thing for a moment in awed silence, and then whispered, "Mamma, is he a her?"—*Norristown Herald*.



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Very respectfully, **CHARLES P. JOHNSON.**
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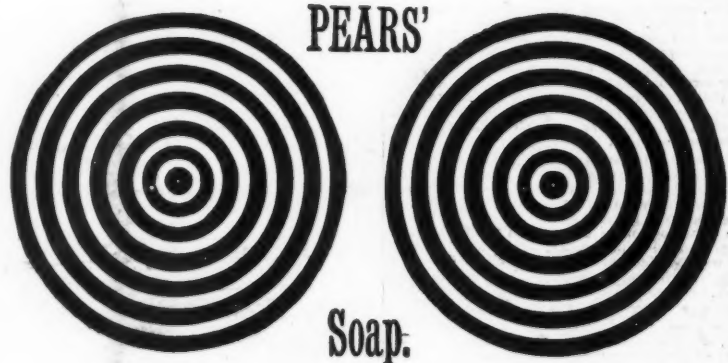
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